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THE TECH.

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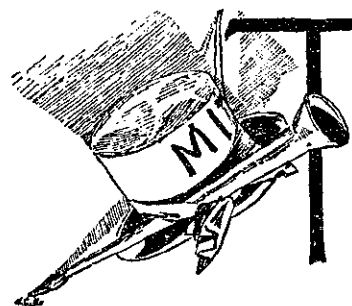
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THE semies are now upon us, and for the next week the Techs. will be miserable and unhappy until they are finished. Many unfortunates are burning the midnight oil and making up for lost time; but the wise man, who has not fallen behind, looks over a few notes, and goes into an examination comparatively calm. But from one and all comes the wail, "examinations do not examine." Well, we think they are about right; but what are you going to do about it?

As it now goes, examinations are largely, although by no means entirely, a matter of luck. That is, a man who knows but little about a subject, but who has crammed up on certain points, may go into an examination and find on the paper just what he knows, and may secure a good mark; while another man, who has a good knowledge of the subject, but who has not crammed up on certain points, is very apt to run up against those very things on the exam-

ination. Of course the obvious moral is, get everything down fine; but then, that is not so easy to do; and until it is done this element of luck cannot be excluded from an examination.

It seems hard that there should not be some way in which the luck element could be got rid of, but we know of none which has ever been invented which does so entirely. We venture to prophesy that the man who does invent a satisfactory examining and marking system will be very popular.

Well, until that man appears, we will all have to take our examinations which do not examine; and so THE TECH wishes you all the best of luck in these coming now.

THE editors of THE TECH feel that but slight apology is needed from them for issuing a much smaller number this time, as our last number was considerably larger than usual, and the semi-annual examinations are so near.

It has always been the custom of the Tech. students to allow the TECH editors to do all the work on the paper, and never to assist them in any way. We have spoken of this fact so often that we are tired of hearing ourselves say it; and we do not say it now with any hope of an alteration in affairs, but merely to explain our position. It is almost invariably the case that when a man shows any interest in THE TECH by writing for it, he is elected a member of the Board of Editors, so little competition is there.

Considering this fact, that we receive no outside contributions, and that the semies are so near, the editors have decided that it is too much work for them to do to get out a full number when they should be studying for their examinations; hence, the reduced number of our pages this time.

HERE has been recently adopted at several colleges in this country a system of examinations which, it strikes us, is vastly superior to any other system we have heard of, and which, we feel sure, would be hailed with delight by Tech. students, and which at the same time would, we think, raise the standard of our marks. The idea of it is this: every student who has above a certain percentage in his term mark in a study, is excused from a final examination in it. It seems to us that this would be a great incentive for work, and also that a man would be working for something more than mere marks. Of course it may be said that we have no term marks in many of our studies, but we think that this could be easily got over. Why not have a system of short monthly examinations, which could easily form the basis of a term mark? The day of the examination might be announced beforehand, or not; but, in any case, this plan would have a great advantage over the examinations twice a year. It is the worry over the examinations which makes them so disliked, and not so much the fear that one will not pass. Even when one takes an examination which he is sure of passing, he does not take it with the same feelings with which he goes to a recitation, and he experiences a great relief when it is over. With the universal dislike of examinations, if there were only some way possible by which we could escape them, we feel sure that it would be eagerly seized on. Hence, if some such system as the one mentioned were adopted, we are certain that it would be found that every one would be studying harder, in order to escape the examinations, and hence the standard of the marks could not help being raised. As we are given to understand here, in many of our courses our term mark counts two thirds of the total mark, so that there would not have to be a very great change in the marking system in many studies. Of course there are a few courses which this system would not be applicable to, but that is no reason why the plan should be rejected. Exceptions could be made in those cases, and the rest of the courses

might be marked according to this plan. We should like to see some such idea tried here at the Institute, if only in a few of our studies. Indeed, it might be well to try it on one or two studies to see how it worked, before finally adopting it.

THIS is a solemn time to many of our readers; for is it not in the midst of the semies? Already there have been examinations, and already that mysterious disease "exam. fever," which carries off so many light-hearted but idle Freshmen, especially, has begun its work. Its victims die to the Tech., but they are resurrected in a world where exams. are unknown.

At these times how the aspect of things is changed. We go into the old familiar rooms of "R." or "N. B.," where we have been a hundred times, yet how strange they appear. It is the innocent-looking sheets of paper scattered about on the desks and the strange instructors walking through the rooms. But we grasp the question papers and forget everything else—alas! too literally, oftentimes.

THE TECH wishes success to every one of its readers in the semies. It hopes that all of its coupon-holders will get the highest marks possible under our glorious marking system, and that next term it will miss none of their kicks at THE TECH office door demanding, "When will the next TECH be out?"

IT is hard to say with just what success the winter indoor meeting of the Athletic Club came off. Compared with former games, those of Dec. 17, 1887, were quite satisfactory, but in the light of what they might have been, they cannot be considered so. Is it possible that in an institution of our size there are so few athletes willing or able to enter in these sports? Many of the events that might have been interesting were far from it, on account of the small number of competitors. It was only by the hardest sort of work that tug-of-war teams were entered from all the classes, so little competi-

tion was there for positions, and there was not a team of the four that could not have been strengthened had more enthusiasm prevailed. Croakers will say the games ought to have been announced sooner; but had notice been given the day the Institute opened, the result would not have differed much. Every one knew that the games were coming, and had athletes been anxious to compete, they would not have waited for the formal announcement. There was also a scarcity of officers, and too much work devolved on a few. Stewards are there to be useful, not to be admired by the audience, and those officers who stayed away from the meeting altogether, showed a sad lack of the proper spirit. In conclusion, we will say that the open indoor spring meeting comes off on March 3d, and it is hoped that the Institute boys will carry off the majority of prizes then, as heretofore. We have the material with which to do it; shall we fail for lack of interest?

Explanation.

I will tell you how it happens
That one sometimes will make slips:
We were sitting close together,
When she puckered up her lips.

Yes—she puckered up her lips;
It seemed that Cupid beckoned;
I took up the invitation,
And I kissed her in a second.

She blushed; she turned away,
Came within an ace of crying—
'Twas not meant at all that way,
But to whistle was she trying.

— *Columbia Spectator.*

Our "Anti" Society.

ONE evening, about the last of June, a party of five young folks were talking in the front yard of a cottage at a quiet summer resort. There were three fellows and two girls. The latter, of course, monopolized the only hammock, while we fellows lounged on the grass; all except Chris, who was inclined to be an old foggy, and who sat in a chair with a box for his feet. One of the girls was Chris' sister Grace,— "Graceless," Chris called her,—a pretty city

girl, who liked to lounge, and whose present position wasn't exactly dignified, only it was getting dark, so no one noticed it. The other girl was my sister Alice. I know it isn't considered the proper thing to admire one's sister, but I thought her the finest and best girl in the world. Harry, the other fellow there that night, agreed with me, I suspected. His folks lived in the town, but he had been away so long at college that he felt about as much like a summer boarder as any of us. We liked what we knew of him, and he made a first-rate guide. I, Tom Rivers, made up the fifth of the party. We were all smoking,—that is, we fellows were. As for the girls, they lectured us about it every day; but you see it was dark, and it's wicked to smoke, and there were cigarettes about, so I'm not sure but there were more than three points of light in the group. However, that is not a matter to be mentioned.

We were talking of a young lady friend of Alice's, whom we expected next day.

"Is she a tennis girl?" asked Chris, who could play a fine game when things suited him, "or is she a girl who wears French heels, and does slipper patterns in a color to match her complexion, and dresses up for breakfast?"

"Why," broke in Harry, "I thought that was the kind of girl you liked."

"Who said I liked any sort of girl?"

"Now, for my part," continued Harry, "I like a girl who"—and he went on to describe my sister pretty closely, so we all knew whom he meant. I felt like choking him, for I more than suspected he was trying to flirt with Alice. As it was, I kicked a hole in his hat.

"Alice told me all about her last night," came from the depths of the hammock. "Her name is Kate Swinton, and she is awfully stylish when she has a mind to be, and *so* handsome. But generally in the summer she is different, and goes around breaking fellows' hearts, if they have any,"—that was meant for me,— "and she develops such a taste for tennis, and walking, and riding, that you would never know it was the same girl. And she has *such* handsome dresses," with a sigh.

"O, I know; she will come here and try to flirt with every blessed fellow, get everybody crazy, and break up all our plans for a quiet summer. Why can't girls be sensible?" and Chris growled as the Great Bear at which he was looking might have done.

"See here," said Grace, suddenly, after a little silence, "there's some truth in that, for we all know how crushable you fellows are, especially Chris."

We smiled softly at this, for Chris was never known to look at a girl unless he had to.

The girls, at this point, held a whispered consultation, the result of which was that Alice sat up and said:—

"Grace and I think that the only way to settle this, and keep you boys in the reasonably agreeable condition you have been in so far, is to disarm Kate beforehand by forming an Anti-Flirtation Society; and I name Chris for president, with unlimited powers to punish all who break the rules."

"What are the rules?" I asked.

"What if she won't join?" said Harry.

"And what if I object?" inquired Chris.

"Why, you simpleton, the rules are that you mustn't flirt at all this summer; and Chris has to agree to it, for we will make him. As for Kate, she will have to submit, for she is to be with us entirely; and now that you have all promised, she can't flirt, for it takes two to do that."

We hadn't promised at all, but Alice didn't mind such a little thing as that. She knew well enough we would do what she and Grace said we must. Then Chris said, a little exultantly that he supposed this rule was to hold for all of us. Harry was beginning to remonstrate, when one of the girls coughed violently, and it seemed as if a speck of light dropped from the hammock and was extinguished by a little foot. "Let's go in, or we shall catch cold," said the other girl.

"Wouldn't you like some cloves first?" wickedly suggested Harry. "There may be people in the parlor."

"Oh, you horrid thing!" cried the girls, as

they disentangled themselves from the hammock and ran into the cottage.

"'Beware the parlor,' the old man cried," sung out Harry.

"Now you have done it," said Chris.

"I don't see but what we are all in the same box," Harry sighed, ignoring the remark Chris made; "only it isn't so hard for you fellows as it is for me, for the girls are your sisters. Hang it, it's natural for a fellow to flirt in the summer."

"This will be a novelty for you, then," remarked Chris, dryly.

The next afternoon the old tally-ho brought Miss Kate Swinton and her trunks. Our crowd was out in full force waiting for her. As she descended from the top of the coach, Alice presented us. She was dressed in a light pongee silk, and in spite of the dust which covered her, she looked exceedingly fresh and handsome. Chris, even, was struck, for after he had condescended to look at her, he kept on looking.

She was tired, so the girls carried her off to the cottage, telling us not to come around until after supper. We fellows were boarding at the hotel.

That evening we all felt somewhat constrained at first, for we thought of our new society, and wondered—that is, we fellows—whether Miss Swinton knew of the plot formed against her. But this feeling soon wore off, and we had a jolly evening; for we made a raid on the ice-cream saloon, walked to the Bluff to see the moon rise, and discussed plans enough to fill two summers.

For the next month we enjoyed ourselves in a hearty, childlike way, as if we had all been brother and sisters. It did us all good, I think. The night before the Fourth we whooped it up in a way which astonished the oldest inhabitant and set the small boys crazy. Even Chris stole dry-goods boxes for the bonfire that night. We tramped all over the country, rode on buckboards, investigated a hornet's nest,—only one,—played tennis until the owner of the court would have got rich if we hadn't forgotten to pay him, inflated the trade in lemon-sticks at

the corner grocery, and got acquainted with the farmers for miles around.

As I said, a month went by in this happy, inconsequential way. Miss Kate Swinton hadn't proved at all dangerous, and we felt rather foolish when we thought of our society and our plot against her. Whether she knew of it or not we couldn't tell. Where any of us went we all went, so that the village people, who needed only the slightest hint to whisper, "There's a flirtation," had to give us up as a bad case — for gossip.

Then, imperceptibly, things changed. Chris undertook to teach Kate a little botany. The rest of us weren't interested in that. Then, somehow, I liked to hear Grace read "Tartarin," and the rest weren't interested in that. So when we spent a morning in the Glen we naturally separated into groups, so as not disturb each other. The weather was warm about that time, so we were in the Glen a good deal. Once as I saw Chris and Kate sitting on a stone wall and intently looking at some plants, there came a hazy idea into my head that Chris wasn't setting a good example to the rest of the society. But just then Grace offered to roll me a cigarette, and I forgot it.

The length of my vacation was indefinite, so I was not surprised when a telegram came from my house ordering me to look up some business in the West. But it was confoundingly hard. Grace thought so, too, when I told her of it. In fact, she felt so badly that it must have flustered me, for though it's not quite clear how it happened, yet Grace said "yes" to something I asked her, and

It happened that my trip lengthened out to over four months, and meantime but little mail reached me. My sister Alice wrote nothing about Harry except in a general way, and she won't say whether he ever proposed to her or not. He never calls when he is in the city, so something must have happened. There was no doubt about something having happened to Chris. He rushed in as soon as I returned and told me to congratulate him. I did, and at the

same time joked him about the result of our "anti" society.

"O, but *the* joke was," said Chris, "that Kate guessed what we had done, thought it a mean trick, and determined to be revenged."

"Did she succeed?" I asked.

A Story of the Turf.

THERE was visiting my father in our home last winter an old gentleman, Mr. Palethorp by name, who in his youth had been prominently identified with horse-racing. He was not the modern idea of a horse-jockey, nor racing-man, nor in fact was there anything about him which would remind one of the turf at the present day; for his horse-racing days had long been over, and beyond a keen interest in the sport, and a vivid recollection of the way it was carried on in his day, he had nothing in common with the turf. Many were the stories he used to tell us, and many the laugh we have had over his experiences.

It was one evening after dinner when we were sitting in the library, with no light but the huge log fire in the old-fashioned fireplace, that he related the tale I am about to write now. We had just lighted our cigars, and Mr. Palethorp was still holding his in his hand, gazing at it meditatively. We were all quiet, waiting for him to say something. Finally he spoke.

"Old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, and old friends to talk with. We owe the proverb-giving Spaniards at least *one* for that!" said he, as he lit his cigar; "and these old imported cigars incline me to add, old cigars to smoke." For my father had a mania for getting old cigars, as he imagined they had a better flavor.

"Yes," said my father, "I know that young America goes in for Habanas fresh from the maker, and strong enough to drag a dray; but that taste begins to decline long before the boys reach the shady side of forty, and they learn that such things as nerves are about."

"Right you are! My experience exactly; and cigars such as these lose nothing by keep-

ing. I'm half inclined to add to the proverb, too, 'old horses to race with,' after my experience over at S——."

"How was that?" asked I.

"It's a short story, which, you know, like a short horse, is soon curried!" replied Palethorp; and filling up a glass with old Madeira, he thus commenced:—

"I was over there with Ben Wilson one day in October, '58, and in the afternoon, Ben, who had a slashing pair of grays of his in the stable, proposed a ride,—and a ride it was! We went so fast we left our shadows at the hotel, and never saw them again till Ben held up, of his own accord, under the shade of some cherry-trees alongside the road.

"'There's going to be some fun here this afternoon,' said he, 'so if you're in no hurry we'll stop and see it.'

"'Pleasure before business,' I answered. 'Hold up!'

"While we sat there in the shade, blowing a cloud, there came up the road a queer-looking old cock in an open wagon, decidedly the worse for wear, drawn by a rough-looking old horse, with the hardest-looking harness on him you could scare up this side of the water. Ben, who is always chaffing everybody, commenced his jokes on the old head in the wagon.

"'An elegant day, sir,' he commenced. 'I hear there is to be a bit of a race this afternoon along this stretch of road; perhaps I have the pleasure of speaking to one of the parties.'

"'I ain't no party; I'm an individual, I am!' answered the old man, as he drew up alongside the road near us. 'As for racing, I should think one eye'd tell you I ain't the man. Look at that hoss!'

"Thus solicited, Ben turned both eyes on him, and then answered: 'There is certainly "blood" in that beast,—four or five quarts, anyhow!'

"'Yes,' spoke the old man, 'and bones, too. I guess *they* speak for themselves.'

"I sat looking on quietly, noticing by the quickness of the old man's replies, by the fire in his gray eye, by his compact figure and general care of his person, though shabbily dressed,

something underneath all; and as Ben kept on chaffing, I politely offered the old man a cigar, made a remark about the weather, and we entered into conversation. Before long a flashing of red and yellow wheels and the sparkle of silver-mounted harness, loud talk, and clouds of cigar-smoke, told us of the approach of the 'fancy' who were to trot the race. They were to start from the cherry-trees, as the road for nearly a mile from this point was very level, in excellent order, and tolerably straight. At the word 'Go!' off they went, yellow wheels ahead and red wheels right after him, while we all followed suit, in order to see the termination of the race. I noticed the old man with the old wagon and the old horse far behind us, and evidently laying on the 'braid' with all his might, in order not entirely to lose sight of us. Arrived at the end of the road, or at least a mile of it, we found that yellow wheels had won the stakes. On turning my head there was the old man, with his turnout, walking his horse just behind our wagon, while we had been on the hard trot the whole time! There was a tavern not far from here, and in a few minutes the fast teams were all at it, and the fast boys all in it. Noticing the old man coming in the bar-room, I at once insisted on his joining us at the bar, and we had drinks all round. Coming out of the hotel the old man said to me aside, 'Mr. Palethorp, you have forgotten me, and old Boncoeur, too!'

"The very instant he said Boncoeur I knew my man and horse. 'By all that lives, Powers! is that you?'

"'No other living man, though I am down here on a piece of boys' play just now. So you know old Boncoeur again?' asked he, as by this time we had walked over to where his old wagon was hitched up.

"'Know him? I think I do, though how in thunder you've managed to change him so, I can't see.'

"'Harness and a pint of lamp-black; no currying for a couple of days and a dirty litter. I know what I'm about, and I'll tell you, as you're a gentleman. Them fellers with their yaller

and red wheels think they can do up everything round here. I've heerd 'em talking round Stelle's place till I'm sick of 'em, and I'm rigged up now just to take the conceit out of 'em. You know Boncoeur can go; he's an old friend of yours. He's been laying low for some time, but now he's going to take a new start, make up for lost time, and come in first best, with colors flying, and his real friends sticking by him the whole way on to glory.'

"Good for Boncoeur! He's safe to win!"

"You're right, there, Palethorp; you've won a few thousands on him, time past, and you can add a few hundred to-day—just as easy! But mum's the word; here they come.' Slowly and carefully old Powers undid Boncoeur's rope halter, and then as slowly climbed into the old wagon, and watching his opportunity, crossed the road just as yellow wheels made a dash, to lead the others.

"Get out o' the way there with your old clamcart,' shouted the driver of yellow wheels.

"Oh, don't you be in such a hurry! I've heerd tell on a tortoise as beat a hare."

"Prehaps,' said yellow wheels, with a derisive smile, 'you're the tortoise as is going to beat me, the hare?'

"Prehaps I is!' answered old Powers.

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, if that ain't rich! Ole feller, I'll give yer half a mile start, and bet you four to one I beat you in ten rods. Will you go it?'

"I don't want none of yer money. I ain't no swindler! I'll start even, and bet even, coz that hoss of yourn ain't no bottom no more'n so much pie-crust, an' I don't want ter beat yer too bad! This here ole hoss ov mine can travel if he don't draw a yeller wagon to his tail, an' ain't spangled all over with silver buckles.'

"These allusions angered yellow wheels right up to high concert pitch; and he right off offered to trot his horse for any amount against old Clamcart's horse, or anything he could fetch on.

"Old Powers, after some more bantering with all hands, got yellow wheels to agree to a trot, and I being old Powers' standby, became his stakeholder. At first he couldn't get the fancy

to bet at all, they were so convulsed with laughter at the idea of his attempting to trot against yellow wheels. But before long they came in, giving old Powers fearful odds. I held at one time a cool thousand in my fist, all of which I knew I should hand over to Powers as soon as the race was over, but abstained from betting myself, except a bottle of champagne with Ben Wilson. At the start, yellow wheels shot ahead like a rocket, but before he had gone three rods—presto! change! Boncoeur woke up! It was beautiful to see him pass yellow wheels, so fast and yet so easily, so much grace in every movement, and such strength and vigor. You should have seen the way Ben Wilson opened his eyes! If you had watched the surprise, amazement, almost terror, depicted on the faces of the fancy, as they saw that 'old clamcart' vanishing like an express engine!

"Boncoeur won the race by half a dozen lengths, and old Powers pocketed the rocks, and silenced for that season the voice of the fancy. Once or twice after the race they essayed to speak, but a gentle rejoinder that if they didn't 'close up' there'd be another 'clamcart' after them, compelled them to silence.

"And that's why I say I would add to the proverb, 'old horses to race with,'" said Mr. Palethorp, in finishing.

Noticeable Articles.

THE third-year class, who have just listened to my lecture on Scott and novel-reading, will read with interest, whenever it shall appear in full, a lecture by that excellent critic, Leslie Stephen, on Sir Walter, recently delivered in Toynbee Hall, and of which the *Pall Mall Budget* for December 8th gives a pretty full report. Toynbee Hall is a building erected among the poor in the East End of London, to the memory of an excellent young philanthropist and economist of that name, an Oxford graduate, who devoted his short life chiefly to work among them; erected for the purpose of carrying out the philanthropic and educational work in which he was engaged. "All men of sense," says Mr. Stephen, "love novels. Even Darwin soothed his nerves after his scientific labors with the most in-

dustrious reading of all sorts of novels. Nothing gives repose more effectually than straying into the world of fiction. . . . My own taste, when I retire into the world of novels, is to find myself in a pleasant atmosphere, and to feel that I am conversing, in the highest sense of the word, with courteous-minded people, who do not drop their good manners even in their day-dreams; with people who are not too anxious to preach to me, and who know a scoundrel when they see one. I like my author to see life truly, and therefore kindly: to see it truly, for I cannot be really interested in a fiction purposing to deal with realities, unless it shows me a clear insight into men and women; unless I can feel that the observer of manners is grasping realities firmly, and that he knows what are the passions and ideas, the fears and the hopes, by which human beings are really stirred. Good fiction is not simply lying, but realism seen through the medium of a perfect imagination. It will show that the really valuable elements in the world are the tender social affections, and the good, honest, simple, natural feelings which bind men together and give the true value to life. Men of genius make us think better of the race, and open our eyes to their good qualities. I like my novelist to be both truthful and generous, and to have that characteristic which we term thorough manliness, and therefore I love Sir Walter Scott."

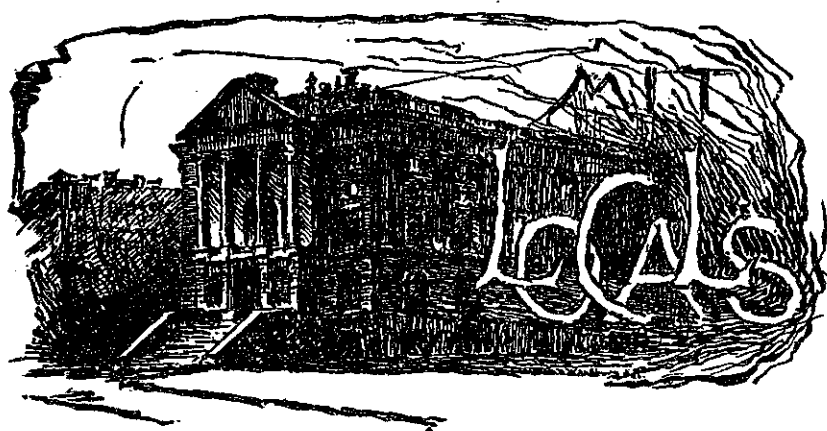
While Mr. Stephen was thus discoursing on Scott and novel-reading to the poor at the East End of London, the Rev. Mr. Haweis, a noted Church of England clergyman, was preaching to the rich of the West End, in his old-fashioned church, where not long ago I had the pleasure of hearing him in St. James, Marylebone, on the Theatre, "all the aisles blocked, and numbers being unable to get in." "The church of the future," he said, according to a report in the same paper, "would have to make room for the drama among other things; as merely to repeat the names of great dramatists past and present proved that the drama was an instinct that could never be stamped out,—man was essentially a dramatic animal; expression was the imperative need of his nature." . . . "Must," he asked, "an immoral tendency be inseparably connected with a play? Let the sublime roll of the Shakspearean drama answer that. Are actors necessarily immoral? Shades of Siddons and Garrick answer me from Westminster Abbey, while the noble figure of Macready steps forth from his own autobiography."

The *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for October, "published for Harvard University by George H. Ellis, Boston," contains a very interesting letter from Professor Foxwell, of Oxford, on the recent progress of political economy in England which every student of the subject ought to read. It is noticeable that Professor Foxwell is a pronounced bi-metallist.

His account of the labor question shows how far England is ahead of us on that subject. "Thanks," he says "to their Trades Unions and the sensible action of their Parliamentary Committee, there is now a compact body of labor members in the House. The influence of this group is great, and increasing far in excess of that due to its size. . . . In fact it is hardly too much to say that the influence of the artisans has displaced that of the middle class as the dominant political force. So far as the opinion of this class can be gathered from the written expression of its leaders, it would seem still to be distinguished by its soberness and practical sense." So much can hardly yet be said of the leaders here, but the working classes of the United States are going through precisely the same process of education by experience, in which their English brethren have preceded them, and no one can doubt that sooner or later the result will be the same.

Of Henry George and his Anti-Poverty panaceas he says: "It is rather among the middle classes that socialistic theories are most discussed. Mr. H. George's land proposals, and the recently translated 'Capital' of Karl Marx both found sympathizers in this social stratum. They were well calculated to appeal to the somewhat *dilettante* enthusiasm of those who were educated enough to realize and to be revolted by the painful condition of the poor, but not patient or hard-headed enough to find out the real causes of this misery, nor sufficiently trained to perceive the utter hollowness of the quack remedies so rhetorically and effectively put forward."

Professor Foxwell's conclusion is, that "nothing can well be more promising than the present outlook for economic science in England,"—and the same statement can certainly be made of America. Nothing can be better in the present writer's opinion—whom circumstances for some years made a teacher of the subject—than his comparison between the new economical school and the "old mechanical, unmoral economics," which, as he says, "the new school has banished to Saturn." W. P. A.



No. 2 of the *Quarterly* is out.

How did you get through to-day?

The championship banner has at last arrived.

The electric lights are now in use in Kidder Building.

The eleven were photographed by Hastings last Saturday.

Membership certificates will be issued by the Athletic Club shortly.

At a recent meeting of the 2 G Society, J. A. Whiting, '89, was initiated.

Locals are scarce just now. Nothing going on but preparation for the Semies.

Mrs. Rogers held the last of her receptions to the Senior Class on January 6th.

G. C. Wales, '89, and J. W. Cartwright, '89 are going for a cruise in a pilot boat during the vacation.

The Athletic Club has made application for the Mechanics' Fair Building for its open games on March 3d.

Skating has been good lately around Boston, and all Techs. who conscientiously could, took advantage thereof.

The prizes given by the Athletic Club at the Winter Meeting, are silver mugs very like those given last spring, and will be awarded shortly.

The Hammer and Tongs Club will have a theatre party in place of their monthly dinner, during the first week of next term. Irving in Faust will be the attraction.

At a recent memoir meeting of the Senior Miners, Mr. Sully read a paper on Mine Surveying, and Mr. Warren one on the United States Mining Code.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Athletic Club, it was voted to give the Football Association \$25, which will just about wipe out the remaining indebtedness.

THE TECH recently voted \$25 to the Football Association, and \$10 to go toward the expenses of the bonfire, on condition that the Athletic Club would pay the rest of the bill for the bonfire.

Mr. F. L. Dame, '89, recently took several photographs of the Junior tug-of-war team, which are very creditable. The picture taken when the team was dropping is especially good, and will give an idea to the many who inquire, what the tug-of-war is.

As it may not be generally known to the students of the Institute, THE TECH takes this opportunity of telling its readers that President Walker is always at home on Sunday evenings, when he will be very glad to see any of the Techs. who may wish to call.

A summer school in Mining has been established at the Institute, open to all students of Course III. Next summer the school will be located either in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania or the iron region of Michigan. The school will be under the charge of Professor Clark, and it is intended to give the students an opportunity to actually work in the mines.

The semi-annual drill and dance of the Institute battalion took place at the Winslow's skating-rink January 7th, and the Freshmen showed up very creditably. The proceedings were enlivened by '90's boot-black, who marched down the line after the drum corps, in the dress parade; and by the exceedingly fresh behavior, to say the least, of the officers of the English High School battalion.

At the last meeting of the Senior Class the following Class Day Committee was elected: From Course I, H. J. Horne; II, A. T. Bradlee; III, A. S. Warren; IV, H. D. Bates; V, C. W. Smith; VI, Russell Robb; VII, H. G. Gross; IX, J. C. Newton. There was no one in Course VIII to be elected. The members at

large on the committee are W. E. Mott, H. F. Bigelow, O. D. Roberts, G. E. Claflin, R. Devens, L. A. Ferguson, and G. U. G. Holman. This makes up the whole committee of fifteen. It was decided to leave at the Institute an album containing photos of every member of '88. Besides this there will be a group photograph of the class.

The waters kiss the pebbly shore,
The winds all kiss the hills,
The sunbeams kiss the tulip-bud,
For the odor it distills;
The dewdrops kiss the rose at morn,
The cereus-bud at eve;
And bud and flower, in magic clasp,
Their mystic beauty weave.

The moonbeams kiss the clouds at night,
The star gems kiss the sea;
While shadows dreamy, soft, and light,
Are kissing on the lea.
The zephyrs kiss the budding pink
That blooms on beauty's lip;
And ruder blasts, though cold and chill,
Its ruby nectar sip.

The winds, the waves, the budding flow'rs,
The laughing, merry rills,
Are kissing all from morn to eve,
And clouds still kiss the hills.
E'en heaven and earth do meet to kiss
Through tears of sparkling dew:
In kissing then *can* there be harm?
I don't think so,—do you?

[The above was sent to one of the editors by a young lady who, by the way, says she likes *illustrated* poetry.]

College Notes.

Gen. Benj. F. Butler is to give a fountain to Colby University.

President Fairchild, of Oberlin University, is ninety years old, and talks of resigning next commencement.

There is talk of establishing a new college for women, at Worcester, with a foundation of \$1,000,000. Rev. Edward Everett Hale is interested in the matter.

The *Boston Herald* says that the part of the gymnasium where the Harvard University crew candidates row on the weights is carefully

guarded, and not even the officers of the boating association are allowed to witness the daily practice.

Cornell is prohibited by law from holding an endowment of more than \$3,000,000. When the wife of Professor Fiske made her bequest of \$1,500,000, the University became richer than the law provided, and the entire bequest has been lost by a recent decision of the courts.—*Ex.*

Cornell is soon to have an experiment station. The council recommended that \$26,000 be divided into two parts, \$10,250 for salaries and \$4,750 for supplies. Besides the directors of the station, there will be appointed the following assistants: In experimental horticulture, experimental agriculture, chemical analysis, veterinary science, experimental botany, and experimental entomology; also two second assistants in experimental agriculture, and one in chemical analysis.—*Crimson.*

A Vassar girl tells, in the *New York Morning Journal*, of the curious ways in which some of the poorer students at that Institution earn their pocket money. "Some of the girls who come up to Vassar," she says, "are as helpless as babes. They are the daughters of millionaires, and never brushed their own hair or sewed a button on their boots in their lives. They are only too glad to have some one do those things for them, and that is how the poorer girls make pocket-money. Last year a pretty blue-eyed girl came to college, and stated during the first week that her tuition and board were paid by a kind relative, but every penny for dress, car-fare, and the thousand and one little incidentals, she must earn herself."

Soon after her arrival the following announcement appeared on her door:—

Gloves and shoes neatly mended for 10 cents each.
Breakfast brought up for 10 cents.
Hair brushed each night for 25 cents a week.
Beds made up at 10 cents a week.

"That little Freshman made just \$150 the first year," continues the account, "and that paid all of her expenses, and a good part of her tuition fees."



REVERY.

In my easy-chair I sit,
Gazing idly toward the ceiling,
Thoughts and memories o'er me stealing,
To my lazy mood most fit.

Scenes present themselves unbidden,
Which, when summer days were speeding,
Thoughtless then and never heeding,
Memory stored in recess hidden.

Now they pour in countless throngs
From the darkness, still preserving
Primal forms, in line unswerving;
For the past my spirit longs.

Those were days of careless ease,
Passed in tennis, reading, rowing,
Or sailing, when the strong wind blowing
Raised the water into seas.

Crash,—what now disturbs my dream?
From my lap a text-book falling
Calls me back to duty galling,
Harsh indeed the contrast seems.

— *Yale Courant.*

FATE.

The fairest flower upon the vine,—
So far above my reach it grows
I ne'er can hope to make it mine,—
Smiles on the sun, a peerless rose.
The wind is whispering soft and low
Fond praises of its loveliness;
It's sweetness I can only guess,
But never know.

On beauteous lips,—as far away
As is the rose,—a kiss there lies;
And on those lips that kiss must stay,
Tho' I may look with longing eyes.
A cruel fate hath willed it so,
Not mine that crimson mouth to press;
It's sweetness I can only guess,
But never know.— *Ex.*

The Bard was asked to compose a little poem upon his childhood, and this is what he produced: "How dear to my heart is the school I attended, and how I remember so distant and dim, that red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended, and carefully put on the bench under him. And how I recall the surprise of the master, when Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin, so high that his bullet head smashed up the plaster above, and the scholars all set up a din. That active boy, Billy, that high-leaping Billy; that loud-shouting Billy, that sat on a pin.—*Ex.*

"But I pass," said a minister, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons with a full hand of clubs.—*Ex.*

A race "as was a race": "Yaas," said an old settler, "we ran hosses in Texas." "Then you take an interest in the noble sport?" asked the stranger. "I was engaged in a hoss race some years ago in which I took a right smart interest." "Running race?" "Hit war." "Mile or half track?" "Hit was a fifty mile track, stranger. Texas is a big State." "A fifty mile track! I never heard of such a thing. And did you win?" "You bet." "How much did you win?" "I won the hoss, stranger."

Of two girls and a balky horse: The horse had stopped and refused to budge, seemingly aware that the two young lady tourists were novices at driving. "Jennie, what in the world shall we do? The outrageous brute refuses to budge." "Laura, there is an awful wicked word that I have heard men use, but—" "O my, we couldn't, but—" "O, say, I'll tell you what won't be wrong; I'll say one-half and you the other: "Gosh!" "Darn it!" "Gosh!" "Darn it!" "Gosh!" But the horse stood still. "He doesn't appear to understand us, Jennie," said Laura, despondently. "No, the horse doesn't, but the Devil does, Laura."—*Ex.*



Gretchen: "MEIN GOTT! KARL, VAT YOU DO MIT DE POY?"

Carl: "ACH! GRETCHEN, YOU TINK DOT VAS NODDING DOT ADOLPH GOES TO SCHOOL EFFERY MORNING MIT HIS HAIR SHUST SO STRAIGHT AS A POKER; DOND IT?"

"Shall we submit to the horde of dirty tyrants?" shouts an Anarchist editor. Indeed, no; don't ever do that. Just submit your dirty hide to the torrents, and all will be well.—*Burdette.*

Recitation in German. Prof. O.—"Will Mr. H— please translate?"

Student.—"Mr. H— is absent."

Prof. O.—"Then the gentleman next to Mr. H— may recite."